THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, APRIL 5, 1917. No. 14.

Rec Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton St.

A VISION.

I BEHELD a Vision of Earth with innumerable paths; I saw the faces that go up and down—the world that each carries within. I heard the long roar and surge of history, wave after wave. . . . I heard the world-old cry of the down-trodden and outcast; I saw them advancing always to victory. I saw the red light from the guns of established order and precedent, the lines of defense and the bodies of the besiegers rolling in dust and blood—yet more and ever more behind. And high over the inmost citadel I saw magnificent and beckoning ever to the besiegers, and the defenders ever inspiring, the cause of all that never-ending war—the Form of Freedom stand.—Edward Carpenter, in Towards Democracy.

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

WHAT WILL RESULT FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE UNITED STATES INTO THE WAR?

This question has been put to the Editor of The Pacific.

Our answer is that the effect cannot be foretold or forecast. Only speculation can be indulged in.

It may turn out that Germany, after some show of resistance, will sue for peace. She can say then that her European enemies did not bring about her defeat; that it was only when practically all the world was arrayed against her that she signified a willingness to lay down her arms and retire to her own country—desirous of averting further bloodshed, realizing that ultimately she would be compelled to yield. Perhaps Germany would much prefer to have the United States as an actual combatant rather than an outsider, with the expectation that our influence in the settlement of affairs would inure to her benefit rather than to her disadvantage—secure for her better terms than she could get from the Entente Allies alone.

If this should not result in a few months, we look for a long war yet, for its continuation for at least a year more. If Germany determines to hold on, she can be dislodged in France and Belgium, driven back into her own country, and there whipped as the Entente Allies are determined to whip her, only by a frightful slaughter of men on the battlefields. We will be called on to send over the seas a half million or a million men, and it will require considerable time to train and equip and get them there. In addition to the aid that we shall have to give in Europe, we are likely to have to recruit a large army to cope with Mexico. Carranza awaits a further and finally definite statement of our intentions with reference to certain provisions in the new constitution. Notably as to that clause which requires all foreigners who acquire land rights and concessions of various kinds to agree not to invoke the protection of their government with respect to the same, under penalty of forfeiture if they do.

Secretary Lansing notified Carranza some time ago that our government would not recognize any such arrangement. There are other matters at issue. And we may soon have a great scrap with Mexico. And, there are South American countries who fear us if we conquer Mexico. There may be a great war in the western hemisphere as well as in the eastern. There are of course not a few persons who assert that it is nonsense to say that Mexico may go to war with the United States; that only an insane people would think of it, situated and conditioned as Mexico is. But it is the unexpected and crazy thing that has been happening in the world for several years. It would not be very risky just now to forecast the future in this way: Set down what ought reasonably to occur, and then look for the opposite thing and you'll be in line to hit the mark.

This can be said surely: If Germany determines to see it through, our country will meet with some big surprises before the end comes.

"THE HIDDEN HAND."

The Spectator, a London publication which has long stood at the head of the weekly reviews, remarked a few days after Lloyd George's speech in which he warned the House of Commons, in language which was never before heard within its walls, as to the terrible danger in which the country stood: "We hear a great deal just now about the 'Hidden Hand'—a mysterious undiscovered power which nobody sees, but which when stretched out is omnipotent. Some 'Hidden Hand' held Mr. Lloyd George in a grip of iron." And The Spectator declares that Lloyd George's speech was "the greatest **non sequitur** that the world has ever witnessed." The Prime Minister called for great sacrifices. "He asked all classes to remember that they were Britons, that they were fighting an implacable enemy, and that they dared not refuse any sacrifice in the hour of crisis. And then came the lame and impotent conclusion that the brewers were not to give up destroying all the food which they are now destroying, and so to do all it is possible to do in the way of making us safe, but were still to be allowed to manufacture ten million barrels of beer a year out of things so essential for the nourishment of the people as cereals and sugar. It was as if the captain of a ship whose engines had broken down, and who had only a scanty supply of water, were to tell the passengers and crew that they were in danger of dying of thirst, and to make an impassioned appeal to them to abjure any waste of water as a crime, and then went on to say that the fresh water baths on board to which all were devoted, because so much pleasanter than salt water, need not be abolished but must be reduced one half."

The Spectator believes that the English Prime Minister had that day in the House of Commons the greatest opportunity that ever came to any statesman at any time in any land; the belief is that the people would have followed him and that the liquor traffic would have been stricken down; but for some reason Lloyd George did not dare to lead—there was a "Hidden Hand."

Attempts have been made to locate the "Hidden Hand." Among the suggestions is one in effect that mindful of Lloyd George's remark in 1915 that drink was a greater menace to the United Kingdom than the submarine, his colleagues who desire the liquor traffic to continue before consenting to serve in co-operation with him drew forth a promise that the traffic would not be much interfered with. Another is in effect that the Prime Minister fears that any attempt to enforce prohibition would result in a general election with pro-liquor candidates and mayhap the downfall of the present Government. The majority of the House of Commons are said to have an exceedingly great liking for intoxicants, they believe that they can not get on without liquor and seeing no way to take it away from the people in general without taking it away from themselves, they desire to have it let alone.

Among the suggestions as to the "Hidden Hand" we come upon that great and powerful word **"Trade."** Good at times; evil at times, it is seen often as a huge monster

caring only for profits. Trade is said to sway the Irish party, a section of the Labor party, a considerable portion of the Liberal party, and a much larger portion of the Unionist party.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Church of the Disciples has eighty churches in Southern California. Since last July there have been twenty-four changes in the pastorate.

The Saturday Review, one of the great London weeklies, is of opinion that Sir Oliver Lodge in publishing his book, "Raymond, or Life and Death," has done " a public disservice."

"President Eliot is as much alive as any man in the College, and is 83 years old today. He stands straighter and works harder than the average student." So said Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts last week.

"Let us have done with the miserable pretence that Germany is on her last legs," exclaims a leading English Review. "Germany is still an immensely strong fighting Power and she can put up a long resistance should her submarine campaign even only half succeed."

Early in February the Secretary of the Executive Land Council issued this statement in London: "The demand for women workers is now becoming intense. . . . The situation is grave and women are urgently needed to help in saving the country from the disaster of famine."

The Billy Sunday Tabernacle in New York City seats 17,000. There is standing room for 3,000. A cafeteria in charge of the Y. W. C. A. will accommodate 818 persons. A rest room and a hospital form an annex to the Tabernacle. From Billy Sunday down, the equipment is up-to-date.

Since Sunday closing of saloons went into effect in Chicago there has been a remarkable decrease in the number of deaths from tuberculosis. The Health Commissioner says: "The closing of the saloons on Sunday gives men time to rest from their labors and prevents them from spending their time feeding tuberculosis with alcohol."

Concerning the movement started by Mayor Woodman of Los Angeles for a division of the State of California the Christian Science Monitor remarks: "Such a project has been proposed more than once, only to be defeated throuh the influence of tens of thousands of admirers of California residing in other states, who do not want their affections divided."

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Fall River, Massachusetts, on the 19th of March. The installation sermon was given by Dr. William Horace Day. Mr. Fisher began the work of the ministry at Ramona in Southern California several years ago and rendered so fine a service there that he was sought for soon for a new work in one of the beautiful and rapidly growing residential parts of Los Angeles. He did a notable work in that city and stands as one of the choice men whom the Pacific Coast has given to the East in recent years. The Massachusetts church of which he is pastor now will be a hundred years old in 1923. It has had nine pastors preceding Mr. Fisher, the longest being that of W. W. Adams, from 1864 to 1912.

FIVE THOUSAND PERSONS ATTEND PHILIPPINE SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY.

Instead of the usual annual convention, the Philippine Islands Sunday School Union has just held in Manila a Sunday school rally, the largest single evangelical affair ever held in the Islands.

The Rev. J. L. McLaughlin, secretary for the Philippines under the world's Sunday School Association, had the special job of "getting them in." After a lot of persuasion, he induced the railway company to grant a 49 per cent reduction on the round-trip one-day tickets, and also to run a special train. Sixteen hundred people came in on three trains, arriving at the Central Station at the same time.

One thousand friends with bands of music were waiting to welcome them, and there was a royal reception and fine parade through the streets to the theaters and church, where the three simultaneous services were held. Each of the places was well filled, the theaters packed; but the big event was the afternoon meeting in the Base Ball Park, at which there were some five thousand people in attendance. After plenty of enlivening music and two short speeches, the whole crowd knelt for a consecration service for power to go out and accomplish the two great things—the making of better schools and bigger schools. After that there was a torchlight procession that stretched out through the heart of the city for more than a mile, and created a spendid impression.

The success of this Rally is especially significant considering the opposition which the Protestant workers in the Philippines are constantly meeting from the Roman Catholics. The press, the railway company, and practically all public agencies are dominated by this influence, and fight the Protestants at every point. The Spanish Inspector sent out to bring in the special train told Mr. McLaughlin just as they were nearing Manila that he went out under protest, feeling that it was an insult to have to bring in such a set f "Protestantes." He had never come into close contact with any Protestants before, but he said it was a revelation to him. As he put it, "I have never seen such a decent, clean and well-behaved crowd in all my life in the Philippines before. Ordinarily, before our coaches go through four stations, they look as pig-pens, but these, although they have come sixty miles, are still as clean as a parlor, and out of the eight hundred people on board, I have seen but two using cigars or cigarettes. I never saw such a thing before." The traffic manager endorsed the sentiment, and expresed his delightful appreciation of the whole affair. Mr. McLaughlin believes that next time the Sunday school people can get anything they want from the railway company.

If threadbare your coat,
  Or old-fashioned your hat,
Someone will surely
  Take notice of that,
And hint rather strong
  That you can't pay your way;
But keep straight ahead,
  Whatever they say—
    For people will talk.

I am grateful to that man above all others who brings home to me afresh the mystery and glory of the world, the significance of our mortal life, the immediate presence with us of the infinite and everlasting God.—John White Chadwick.

THE CHRIST OF THE CATACOMBS, OF THE MIDDLE AGES, AND OF TODAY.

(Report of Sunday evening sermon by Albert W. Palmer at Plymouth Church, Oakland. Closing sermon in series on "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion.")

It is a part of the greatness of Christ that each age finds reflected in Him its own better self. Some poet whose name I have never learned has put it all so splendidly in those two stanzas that I pass them on to you:

"Subtlest thought shall fail and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go;
But our human needs—they will not alter,
Christ, no after age shall ere outgrow.

Yea, amen! O changeless One, thou only
Art life's guide and spiritual goal;
Thou, the light across the lark vale lonely,
Thou, the eternal haven of the soul."

And precisely because Christ is "the eternal haven of the soul" each age sees the Christ who meets its needs. There are other sides to Christ's character and unsounded depths in his message which ages yet to come shall find answering their hopes and questions. No after age shall outgrow him, but each after age must grow up to him in some new and splendid way.

To trace the evolution of humanity's conception of Christ you have to begin with the disciples. What was Jesus to them? First of all a citizen of a despised little country town—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Then a teacher, then a prophet, then the Messiah coming to restore the Kingdom of Israel, then a dead and defeated leader—"We hoped that it was he who should redeem Israel"—then a risen Lord triumphant over death and alive forever more and, finally, an everlasting presence and blessing for all humanity—"for in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, male or female, bond or free."

The thought of primitive Christianity concerning Christ was distincly joyous. It did not ignore his sufferings, but it coupled them with the divine joy, its Good Friday was flooded with the light of Easter, it harmonized with the spirit of the text which says, "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross!" You find this joyous Christ reflected in early Christian art in the Catacombs and elsewhere. I shall never forget the impression made on me by a very early Christian sarcophagus, which I saw in Rome, where Christ was represented in bas-relief as the good shepherd carrying a lamb on his shoulder. He was a beardless curly-haired youth as strong and buoyant and joyous as a Greek Apollo!

But out of the eclipse of civilization which we call the Middle Ages, with its war and brutality and barbarism, there came another Christ—the Christ who hangs on the crucifix of the Cathedrals and the wayside shrines of Europe. This is the One "who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows." "He was obedient even unto death, yea the death of the cross!" Because suffering is a part of this mortal life, the memory of the Christ who descended into the garden of Gethsemane and climbed the green hill of Calvary is inexpressibly precious to humanity. One need not accept all the unlovely and meshanichal theories of the atonement which the theologians have hammered out, but one must, in hours of pain, turn with renewed courage and sympathy to one who "was wounded for our transgressions."

In the thought of the Renaissance one finds still another Christ—the Christ who "shall come to judge the quick and the dead." This idea had always been latent in Christian thought. You find it in the Apostles Creed and in the Te Deum—"We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge." Michael Angelo in his "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel, reveals how powerfully this conception of Christ influenced the thought of his day. Indeed, the modern visitor to Rome hardly finds anything Christ-like in Michael Angelo's depiction of the Judge in that great painting. And yet in this conception there is a great truth which religion must not forget, for we must all "be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ." We may think of that judgment as a present process now going on rather than an event of the future, but it still remains true that Christ and his ideals and no lesser ones are the standards by which our lives must be judged.

Finally there is the Christ of today. He is to modern men all the things he has been to other generations, only these characteristics are somewhat in the background while our attention is focused on Jesus as the supreme revelation of the character of God and the goal of humanity. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" and "that He might be the first born among many brethren" are the two texts which most adequately represent what Christ means to modern thought. As Anson Phelps Stokes of Yale has put it: "The religious Experience of Jesus is repeatable. His life may be reproduced in its purity, its power, its divinity, 'for we are created in God's image and after his likeness.' The spark of the divine life fanned into perfection in Jesus is latent in us. It needs merely the right understanding of the Master, and the earnest effort to follow him, to enable us to be among those 'many brethren' of whom he was the 'first' or the 'first born.' "

OPPORTUNITIES AND OBLIGATIONS.

By Mrs. R. S. Emrich.

"What a wonderful opportunity to do something with one's life!" a woman said to me after hearing of the need of the Turkish women. "What a heavy obligation rests upon us!" said another a moment later and there was a suggestion of discouragement in the tone.

It is perhaps just that difference in attitude that makes for failure or success in the mission work done in our churches today. Does the necessity of making known the meaning of the love of Christ rest as a heavy obligation on us or do we see in it one glorious opportunity to pass on what has come to us as women of a Christian country?

We know as a simple fact that wherever in this world the name of Christ is unknown the position of women is abject and miserable. And we know as another simple fact that wherever Christianity is at work, womanhood is being raised to the level of man. Ought a third equally simple fact—that every Christian woman in our churches today can do something to better conditions among non-Christian women, to bring decency and hope and love into their lives—ought this fact to burden us to the point of discouragement with its sense of obligations, or ought we to see in it "the wonderful opportunity for making my life count for something" that that woman with the shining eyes saw as she heard of the need of the women of Turkey?

We are watching these days what we believe to be the death struggles of the old Turkey and the beginning of a most unbelievable change with Turkey under Christian rule. And when in the mercy of God that change comes,

what will it find us doing as our share in the lighting of the blackness of the lives of the Moslem women?

We have all at some time had a vision of what our lives might mean for God if we were to serve Him with the same eagerness and zest that we give to the multitude of happenings that crowd our lives. We can't afford to lose the vision or to let discouragement over apparently small results dull it. Such a vision of the possibilities that lie within each of us for work and service, would make the missionary meetings of our churches rival a popular course of lectures in genuine interest.

One always wonders as the regulation remark that "our meetings seem so dull, so lifeless" is made just what the speaker is doing to bring life and enthusiasm into them. Minds on the alert for opportunities to make known all that Christ's love can mean to a soul, however unspeakable (as we seem to feel it necessary to characterize the Turk) would never find a mission meeting a dull place. Only the feeling of the heaviness of our obligation to work could do that.

"The present moment seems to hold special opportunities for serving Him," one missionary wrote in a recent letter from Turkey. Not a word of danger from disease, of lack of companions, of self-denial, of feeling herself under any obligation to stay at her station, only a joy in the "special opportunity" for service.

Is it all just a difference in the attitude of mind we bring to our work for Him? If we tried shifting any feeling of obligation to do mission work that we might have and faced the opportunities to make His love known in some of the dark places, I wonder how it would work!

LIFE IN CHINA.

Ben F. Sargent.

Chinese New Year.

This is January 23rd, the Chinese New Year, or rather the beginning of it, as it lasts theoretically the whole of the first month. The special celebration began at dusk last evening with the firing of crackers. The number and size of these increased as the darkness came on and continued until the sun rose this morning. This was not an expression of joy that the old year was gone and a new one ushered in, but a religious ceremony to frighten away the evil spirits from their homes during the coming year. As a matter of fact several scores of dollars worth of crackers were exploded in this city last night, and many of them, perhaps the larger half of them, by people who could ill afford the expense, and some by people who must go on short allowance of food, and sleep under a single blanket n' account of it.

Today will be a time of feasting and visiting. Every one will be at home who can possibly get there, and there will be a great many New Year's calls made, and I am afraid a good deal of wine indulged in. It is also a time of freedom from debt. If the creditor was not able to collect before midnight last night, he will make no further attempt during the New Year's season. When that is over, he may and will begin his collections again, but not now. It is the time for arrangements for service during the coming year.

Free Distribution Of Food.

In contrast to this feasting, comes the sound of the free food bell from an old temple, in the southern part of the city. We visited the place last week and saw the distribution in full swing. About 4000 are given a daily portion this year. They come—the lame, the blind, the ragged, the aged, the children. Indeed the youngest tot counts for one dipper full of the millet mush as much as does the strong man. The dipper holds a generous amount, two-thirds of a pound of millet flour cooked several hours but without salt. So, the day we were there about 2500 pounds were given out. There were some very picturesque figures in the motly throng. We wished we had a kodak to take one two-hundred-pound beggar who looked as if he might be king of the gipsies. A portion of the crowd sat down outside and ate their mush on the spot, as it was. Others put in salt which they had brought, till others salted vegetable, sliced thin, which is as they eat it at home.

The expense of this charity is borne by a tax levied on each boat going up or down the river. A part of the same fund comes to the hospital, and a part goes to keep up the ferry and the bridge across the river.

It will be a time of temptation today for the native Christians; and we are praying that they may remain true.

Chinese Plays.

A month ago the Boys' School of Lintsing was looking for a play suitable for their capacity, to be written just before Christmas. It occurred to me that the story of Joseph might be thrown into dramatic form and present scenes of interest and instruction. So I wrote it out in the following order:

Scene 1. Jacob and all his family, excepting Joseph who entered declaring his two dreams, much to the disgust and irritation of the brothers, and gentle chiding from the father, who closes the scene by sending the brothers away to distant pasture with the flocks, and Joseph into the fields with the hired servants, while Benjamin was to care for his aged grandfather, Isaac.

Scene 2. A family conference as to the welfare of the brothers now some weeks away, resulting in sending Joseph to find them, and carry a sack of provisions from home.

Scene 3. The plot to kill Joseph.

Scene 4. Egypt. The dreams.

Scene 5. The ten go to buy corn. Joseph made known.

Scene 6. Welcome of Jacob by his son, and reception at Pharoah's court. As you will see it was a somewhat stately and dignified representation, a pageant of oriental life, full of meaning.

Last Saturday night we were invited over to the big hall of the School to see the representation, and I received the great surprise of my life.

Jacob had grown into a tottering old man, who had to be helped along by one of his sons. His wife, however, was a sprightly young thing of about seventeen, who was very frequently rebuked by him in truly oriental fashion. After he had sent his sons away with the sheep, they appeared in processional, driving their flock which consisted of two sheep, which however bleated for many times that number. When the Midianites appeared, they led a camel, a most unruly one, by a long string. They introduced the beheading of the cup-bearer, and called for the city officials at the feast. Their conversation was made piquant by references to local matters the lapse of 3000 years not ing to matter. But their acting was most natural and graceful. As a matter of fact it becomes as natural for them to act as to eat or sleep. I saw their preacher drive an imaginary flock of sheep across the platform the other Sunday. Doubtless our somewhat unimpasioned speech must seem lifeless to them.

On this same subject, a missionary from Siam told me that the pastor of his church in Siam's capital city, got up

frequently representations of scriptural events, taking the chief parts himself. When they acted the Three Youths in the fiery furnace, he was the king before whom all must bow, and the college band they had borrowed represented all sorts of music by playing "Marching through Georgia."

Another time he was Elijah and his assistant Elisha. The going up in a fiery chariot was from the top of a step-ladder in a tree which was lighted with Japanese fire-works which do not explode. His cloak falling from off his shoulders lighted upon those of his assistant. Another time he heard canonading and found them firing off bamboo stalks, filled with gasoline one every four seconds, each making a report as loud as a five pound canon. They were the Assyrians storming Samaria. But the Samaritans rushing out put them to flight and overturned their tents which were filled with popcorn and candy, it being Christmas celebration.

The station was somewhat troubled as to what this dramatic instinct might lead to, and discussed the matter in executive session, but came to the decision that since the instinct was born in them and was a means of conveying truth, that they would not forbid it, but give it room, cautioning them only never to personate the blessed person of our divine Lord.

In the Girls' School entertainment, the parable of the Prodigal Son was given, three of the girls acting as pigs, and the prodigal fed them peanuts and ate the shucks himself. Others were hoeing with the elder brother in the field, which was simply another part of the stage. The hoeing went on through all the acts except when the platform was needed; then they retired, to come back again and hoe some more when there was room for them. But these plays come but once a year and have their part in a full-rounded school life.

Wang Ching Yu.

I had the pleasure of talking with this remarkable man last week; remarkable as a miracle of grace.

Wang Ching Yu was the son of a laborer, and when he had reached his twenties, he had a serious injury to his eyes. A young man with whom he had quarreled fired a blank cartridge into his eyes, for a time entirely destroying his sight. He took the matter to a local court, but his family was poor and his enemy's rich, and no satisfaction was given. He took the matter to a higher court with the same result; and then determined to take the matter to Peking where he had an uncle who was a eunuch in the Palace. He borrowed all the money that the could and hired a man to lead him to Peking, about two hundred and fifty miles. When he reached Tientsin, wishing to save money, rather than go to an inn he slept under a gateway, and all his money was stolen. The man who was leading him then deserted him, and he was left penniless and blind, a stranger in a large city. He wandered around begging, and was finally directed to the London Congregational Mission Hospital.

He had heard the foreigners dug out the eyes of people to make medicine, and objected to going. But his acquaintance said: "But you are blind already, and that ought not to frighten you." So he went, the longing of his soul being to get revenge on his enemy. At the hospital, he received back a small fraction of his normal vision, and best of all obtained spiritual sight. The decision to be a Christian came from the sympathy of the doctor who he said, called the blind man "Younger Brother;" and he wanted to know the One who could make a man treat a blind beggar that way. But he was told that to be a Christian he must forgive his enemy. This was hard to do, but grace triumphed and he returned to his home a new man in Christ Jesus. His enemy hearing of his return, went into hiding, and would not belive Wang Ching Yu when he sent him word that he had become a Christian and had forgiven him, but thought it some trick to mete out to him more exquisite torture. But at last he had to believe it, for the change became apparent to all. Wang organized his relatives into a class, and taught them all that he knew. And he kept on studying as his dim sight permitted, and became pastor of a little church. A gift of $50 from America enabled him to build a little chapel where he faithfully preaches of the riches of divine love. He married a poor girl who has become an efficient helpmeet to him. They have five children. The eldest boy, of twelve years, is attending our Boys' School, and knows much of the New Testament by heart. As I talked with him throught an interpreter, I was impressed with the conviction that the day of mircles is not past, but only just begun.

LESSONS IN JOHN. (VII).

"I am the Resurrection and the Life.

In a little gathering not long since we were asked, "which for you is the most precious verse in the Bible?" My answer was, "The one I am to preach upon next Sunday." The sermon will amount to but little, unless the text has grown to be the most wonderful of all utterances. Surely if I had not committed myself to other preferences in previous studies, I should be tempted to claim for John XI:25, the crowning distinction. We have here a most precious and profound claim of the Master. Taking the chapter as a whole, there is a charm and a wonderful appropriateness at this Eastertide. It is the last of the seven signs narrated by John, all culminating in some assumption of Him who is "All in all," and which only John has preserved in his gospel, "that we might believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and by believing we might have life in His name."

"I am the Light of the world," " I am the Bread of Life," "I am the Water of Life." Lastly, "I am"—not life only, but "Eternal Life."

"Whence hath this man the balm that brightens all?"

In our text we have everything that makes for manhood. Fact, universality, unity, personality.

(1) The Master, a little before his own passion, just as Lazarus was to come forth from his charnal house, declares a fact, and one the world has long been waiting for. He is not laying down a doctrine, or announcing some great hope. "I am." When Moses was sent to the Israelites to lead them out of bondage, God gave Him his name to declare, "I am that I am." "I am the ground of all being." The self satisfying one. One may find himself deceived in outward appearances in the world of matter. He may often be uncertain of himself. The only certainty of all time, and what we call eternity, is God. "For underneath are the everlasting arms."

In the old religion we have the skeptic's taunt. "What is truth?" At the grave of Lazarus, and at every grave, if we will, we hear the clear accents ring out, "I am the resurrection and the life." Heathenism may be called the seeking religion; Judaism is the religion of hope; Christianity is the actuality. We are now on solid ground. The more sublime the truth, the more it takes possession of the soul. There is an immediacy of knowledge, the impact of the soul.

(2) Here we rise above the individual and grasp the universal. It is not merely that a single man is rescued from the grave; that Lazarus returns to his own home.

There is an old tradition that when he came out of the tomb he asked if he must die and have to return to the grave again. When he was told that it was even as it is said he was never seen to smile again. But this is to misconceive the words of Jesus to Mary, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," not to grant some special favors, but for the world, for Lazarus and you and me if we indeed share in that resurrection life which death cannot quench, what we call death becomes a figment.

(3) This introduces us to a new possession: the unity —the community of the eternal life. We have boasted much about our distinct individualities, our separate existencies; and all this while it lays upon us personal responsibilities with sometimes a heavy sense of isolation is a high distinction; but now we have entered upon the higher existence, a common life—"the eternal life." "That they may be one. "I in them and Thou in me." That they may be made manifest in one. And this is life eternal that we might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ who mthou has sent. Here is a mutual personal relationship, an indwelling o fthe divine, and faith that lays hold of the eternal. Tennyson representes Mary as sitting in in the home in silent prayer, not asking many questions:

"When one deep love doth supersede
All others, when her ardent gaze
Roams from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed."

So we turn away from all inferior quests and come to know Christ, "the Resurrection and the Life" as ours and all the world's. The grave cannot repel as once it did. How doleful must seem every graveyard but for those words. The gates of death have burst assunder, and life is mightier than the grave. For long centuries the old cruel dynasty has reigned; but what victory is that when we can walk the world in newness of life and exclaim, "Oh death where is thy sting; Oh grave where is thy victory?"

The Greeks called the soul pysche, and they called the little butterfly pysche, because it was an emblem of the soul, living its imprisoned life in a lonely grub. At the appointed time the little cherub bursts its cerements and comes out to spread its wings in the upper air. But sometimes a deadly insect called the Ichneumon-fly, darts its sting through the outer worm and destroys the pysche. So that when the worm dies, the soul within it, the nobler life, which was intended to survive has perished.

The German, Feckner, who lives so much in the world of analogy, used to divide life into three stages: one before birth when it is enclosed in its mother's womb, and shares only the growing life of a lower grade of being. This the Psalmist loves to idealize. "My substance was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest part of the world. Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect, and in thy book all my members were written which, in continuous were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." Now comes the mysterious change of birth, when the babe is ushered into its second stage of being, so vastly different from the first. But the days and years roll on, and finally comes a change more wonderful and transforming than the first. Not an extinction of being, but an inconceivable and marvelous enlargement. We call it death. Lazarus had not possibly passed through into the higher realm of life, and we need not ask with Mary, "Where wert thou brother those four days?" But when the gates of death are opened inwardly for us, then these words will come to us with a new meaning, "I am the resurrection and the life." What surprises, what revelations then! Oh, when shall we come to think of the death of him who "liveth and believeth," as an ascent, and our exodus is no longer regarded as "a punishment for sin, but as the necessary condition of progress; an education rather than a probation, and future blessedness as an attainment rather than reward."

San Diego, Cal.

TAGORE'S LIFE IN INDIA.

Rabindranath Tagore, the noted Bengali Mystic, does not spend any great part of his time in meditation. He combines the practical with the meditative.

Mr. W. W. Pearson, who has been Mr. Tagore's secretary, speaks of him as follows:

"For many years, before he founded the school at Bolpur, Mr. Tagore administered the family estates. When I say there are 100,000 tenants, that does not mean that the income from these estates is very large. For most of the people are very poor, so poor that the revenue from each one does not average more than one rupee a year, so that the entire income of these estates of 100,000 tenants would come to not much more than $20,000. The estates are situated at Kaligram, some hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, and the durbars or assemblies of leading villagers are held frequently. Mr. Tagore has worked out interestingly the problem of local self-government, and the people at the durbars decide as to what shall be done with the money they have collected. Questions arise there as to the erection of schools and rice paddies, and the maintenance of works of improvement on the estates. In the case of the paddies, they believed that the husking machines would save them the heavy charges on the unhusked rice, which is heavier in shipment.

"At these durbars, too, the people come to Mr. Tagore with petitions. I have seen him sitting in his boat at the shore, while hundreds of the people filed up with petitions, mostly written, which they gave to him, and in his decision they acquised without a murmur. They have unbounded confidence in his justice and accept what he says unquestioningly. It is a remarkable fact that there have never been any serious crimes on the estate, and the police are not wanted or needed there. In minor disputes they come to him, and he at once adjusts the difficulty. Of the relation which the Tagore family has borne to the people some idea may be gained when it is understood that Mr. Tagore's father was known among them by a name which means 'Great Saint,' a title, so far as I know, unique. For three generations there have been titles in the family. Mr. Tagore's grandfather was given the title of prince by Queen Victoria when he visited England in her reign, and Mr. Tagore has his title from the Government.

"Two-thirds of his time he now spends at his school at Bolpur. He has largely given up the administration of his estates and devotes himself to the education of his 150 boys and to his writings and meditation. The school he founded in order to give Indian youth high ideals, as he believes that in this work, better than in political agitation, lies the solution of the national problems and the salvation of the country. He is not concerned with the work of political agitators, though he knows of it, because he does not believe that that is his work. The boys of his school are drawn largely from the middle class. Many of them pay fees for their tuition, but some are poor and contribute nothing. High ideals of conduct are the object

at which the school aims and no pressure is put upon the boys to determine the course they will pursue. Some of them become artists; one, whom I have in mind, purchased a plot of land near the school, which he cultivates while he teaches there. Mr. Tagore does not himself regularly teach, though sometimes he takes a class and always mingles with the teachers and the students. On a typical day he rises at four o'clock or half after, and meditates until seven o'clock, when he takes a light breakfast of fruit. During the morning he may write or else walk, or take a class. At noon, he bathes, and at one o'clock has dinner. The afternoon is devoted to administration and to going about among the teachers and boys, and there is tea at four o'clock. In the evening he reads new plays or teaches his new songs, or there are entertainments by literary societies among the boys. The entertainments, like all the work at the school, are spontaneous, as Mr. Tagore believes that the element of compulsion destroys the boy's interest in his work and that interest is the most important element in work. There is very little ritual at the school, and the religious services are of the simplest sort, consisting of an address by Mr. Tagore or a reading and simple devotion.

"It is the custom in India for families to live together and not to separate and go to live in different places as in the West. So Mr. Tagore is surrounded by members of his family, including his two brothers, one of whom is founder of the new art in India. Mr. Tagore has a married daughter and a son, who was educated at an American university and is now in the automobile business in Calcutta. It is an interesting though not inappropriate contrast between the mystic and the practical man of affairs."

A SAILOR OF SEAS.

By Sam Walter Foss.

"If any bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."—Ellery Channing.

I sail upon a mighty sea
  Before the blast;
The waves of God encompass me;
Borne on the deeps of Deity
  I float from Vast to Vast.

I sail upon a mighty quest
  Through deep and shoal;
The waves of many climes I breast,
Toward unknown islands in the West
  And Indias of the soul.

A star I follow from afar:
  I quit the shore;
I sail from out the harbor bar,
Morn's twilight gilding sheet and spar,—
  And I return no more.

I sail beyond the horizon's marge
  And on I tend;
And Fear begins her ominous charge,
'Behold, the seas of God are large,
  And whither is the end?"

"The seas of God are large. Away!
  Stout sailors we.
Behold, above the surge and spray,
Behold my star—it shines away—
  Sail on! Put out to sea!

"My caraval shall sail afar
  And find, some day,
Cipango under many a star,
And many a new America,
  And many an old Cathay."

"And when we find those far lands, when
  Shall we have rest?"
"We'll tarry for a space, and then
We'll seek new nations of new men
  Within the farther West."

"And when we've crossed the Seas of Snow
  And Seas of Fire.
Ah, whither, whither, shall we go?"
"Go where the outward currents flow
  To the Isles of our Desire."

"And when those western strands we win
  Shall we find rest?"
"Our voyage ends but to begin;
We'll seek new continents within
  The West beyond the West."

"What gulfs," says Fear, "are in that West
  Far in the night?
What Isle of Demons lifts its crest?
What kraken heaves the ocean breats?
  What specter shapes affright?"

"There may be specters on this sea
  Afar and near;
But waves of God encompass me,
And on the deeps of Deity
  There is no place for fear."

"But lo! the seas of God are wide
  And deep," says Fear.
"Hear ye the tumult of the tide?
God's wrath is strong—where shall we hide?"
  "On! on! right onward steer!"

"From stranger seas new stars arise
  With baleful rays;
Strange winds are blown from alien skies;
From wrecked armadas come the cries
  Of dying castaways!

"Oh for one rood of solid sod."
  Our timbers groan!
On midnight seas we are tossed abroad—
There is no light—mayhap no God!—
  And we are all alone!

"Ah! we are all alone," Fear saith:
  "All light has fled;
I fear the whirlwind's merciless breath
May blow us on the crags of Death."
  "Sail on!" I said.

"The crags of Death by Fate's decree
  May wreck us!—Then?"
"Ah, then we sink to other seas,
And wider seas are they than these,—
  And then—we sail again!"

HARMONY.

A few hours ago I was surrounded by the jargon of business, myself a part of it.

Now, somewhere near the middle of the night, I am sitting by an open window.

Everything is still and the soft night air is cool.

The sky seems very near and the stars lie over the heaven like fields of daisies, stretching on and on.

The moon is passing in and out of the clouds, making a shadow-checkered day of the night, and breaking the sky with shafts of gold.

All silent the universe is doing its work—beautiful mysterious, religious.

What was all the jargon about, a few hours ago?

—Max Ehrmann.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

MEETING OF THE COMMISSION ON MISSIONS.

A three days' session of the Commisison on Missions was held in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, March 13th-15th. Eighteen of the twenty-four members were present. A large portion of the meeting was given to the consideration of Tercentenary matters, particularly the Pilgrim Memorial Fund. The Commission will recommend to the Council that the sum to be sought for this permanent monument to the founders of Congregationalism and of the nation be $5,000,000. This fund, in the Commission judgment, should be for the promoting for some single outstanding responsibility of the Church of Christ.

Believing that our Congregational Churches have far too long delayed making adequate economic provision for the old age of their ministers, it will be recommended that the income of the fund raised be permanently devoted to that purpose. The Commission has laid before the Annuity Board the outline of a plan, which, though retaining the essential features of the fund already launched, proposes extensive modifications and alternative privileges in the interests of greater flexibility and wider scope. As soon as possible this plan with further devolopments will be placed before the denomination.

Recommendations to the Council concerning steps for completing the re-adjustment of our missionary agencies were adopted. No new features will appear in these recommendations which will simply provide for the establishment of a Sunday school extension agency as one of the affiliated groups of Home Mission organizations in New York, the work in this line hitherto done by the Sunday School and Publishing Society being thereafter discontinued. Religious education interests both as related to the Sunday schools and other departments of the church will as voted at New Haven in 1915 be under the care of the affiliated boards in Boston.

The subject of Missionary magazines was presented to the Commission in an extended way by representatives of the American Board and by resolutions of the Women's Boards. The report of the Commission to the Council, which will shortly be in print, will contain the results of its deliberations.

The sub-committee on administrative matters presented detailed review of the executive and office methods pursued by the different Mission Boards. Emphatic commendation was given the Boards both for the general uniformity of methods used and their correspondence to the up-to-date practice of the business world. Extended consideration was given the report of the deputation which last spring visited the South. The report was referred to the sub-committee on field work for revision and will be in print about May 1st.

Representatives of the American Missionary Association laid before the Commission matters relating to the increased obligations incurred by taking on the schools in New Mexico and Utah, hitherto carried by the Education Society. The financial problems thus created for the Associations are extremely exacting and will be brought before the denomination by the Commission.

The small and uncertain attendance upon the annual meetings of some of the Mission Boards in the year when the Council does not meet has been the occasion of much anxiety. The Commission recommends to the Boards that a solution of the difficulty be sought either through a single joint meeting of all the home agencies or through separate meetings whose effectiveness shall be secured by a vigorous effort to secure a larger attendance primarily from churches near the place of meeting. In this connection the Commission will in its report urge Ciuncil delegates to discharge in the fullest way within their power, the obligations which rest upon them as voting members of the Board not only in the Council year, but in alternate years.

A special committee was appointed to make a fresh study of the apportionment plan, both in its fundamental principles and its practical working. The committee on field work was instructed to report at the meeting of the Commission in Los Angeles as to the feasibility of sending a deputation to visit the western colleges affiliated with Congregationalism as a means of expressing the interest of the denomination in Christian education.

HUBERT C. HERRING,
Secretary.

HENRY C. KING,
Chairman.

A SUNDAY AT ATASCADERO.

I had heard of it with the ear, but now I have seen it with the eye. For ten miles along the railway and four or five miles to the west extends the vast acreage of the Atascadero Colony, in the heart of San Luis Obispo county. A beautiful administration building nearly completed, a large department store, very clean and airy—the only store in town, a fine new school, a class-A printery, each in its ample area, a broad level for sports, an inconspicuous garage and machine shop out back, and nothing else in the business area, these characteristics marked the town as unlike any town in the state.

Within perhaps a mile of the business center all homes are on town lots not less than one acre in size. There is a restriction as to the value and style of house that may be put up, and against cows, horses, pigs sheep and goats. The ample gardens about the homes are an earnest of glorious beauty and perfume when summer comes. Only one house may be built upon a lot, so that crowding will be impossible. I saw pictures of one hundred and forty seven houses, taken last year. Probably there are two hundred now, some of them in town, as many more out upon the colony farms of five acres or more.

I had been invited to speak to the people and to hold a conference with those interested in religious education. What a fine body of worshippers! There were about two hundred present at the morning service, filling the building. What kind of church? A federated church including nineteen denominations, Roman Catholics and Christian Scientists among the number, all bound together by a simple vow of devotion to the truth, to the Master, and to one another.

Rarely may one speak to so responsive and intelligent a two hundred. A large afternoon conference developed absorbing interest. The two Endeavor societies and the evening service attended by one hundred and twenty-five were an index of the appeal religion is making under the leadership of Rev. E. A. Berry, a man of broad learning, catholic spirit and wise devotion. The Sunday school under limitations of an unsuitable building is doing a work of more than common earnestness and pains. The workers and in fact the whole church are facing the east with expectancy. There is a determination to do something for the improvement of teaching and training in the school, and it will not surprise us to know before long that plans are being drawn for a fine church and social center. It is perfectly inspiring to speak to the Christians of a town, all of them —representatively if not actually, with a message broad

enough to reach under the life of all, and vital enough to stir them.

The colony is neither communistic nor socialistic, but co-operative. In social good times, in mutual improvement, in worship and Bible study, all meet together in concord. God grant continuance of this catholicity, that they may all be one in loyalty to Christ and in religious and social enterprise. MILES B. FISHER.

MARICOPA.

About 40 miles west of Bakersfield is this town of 1,000, the center of one of the oil fields of California. Hundreds of men are constantly employed, and though the residences are rather primitive, considerable money is in circulation —some men earning as much as $8 per day. Churches do not abound, there being a small Catholic, an incipient Christian Science, and our own. The last has a membership of about 70, a Suday school of 100 or more and a plant by no means adequate for the aggressive work now being done under the leadership of Rev. L. McCrae and his devoted wife. Some time since, by invitation the undersigned visited the field, canvassed to some extent the situation and joined heartily with the pastor and others in emphasizing the need of a new edifice. Accordingly aggressive efforts were begun, and soon a lot was donated to which the parsonage is to be removed and renovated, the present frontage of 70 feet on a principal street to be reserved for a $3000 house of worship; and last Sunday, led by the Field Secretary of the Church Building Society, subscriptions were made which with some additions on Monday aggregated $2570. It is hoped that the sum can be raised to $4000, operations soon begun, and ere the autumn is far advanced a fine new edifice seating 200 people, with adequate Sunday school and social equipment be dedicated. Too much praise cannot be given to pastor and wife, who, coming last November, have greatly stimulated interest and activity, and are leading faithful workers to give their means, their prayers and their labors for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God in Maricopa. Friends outside the organization—seldom if ever attending service —are greatly interested and willing to invest their money in so promising an enterprise. Maricopa, though organized in 1908, and never yet having a large membership, has maintained its work without missionary aid and the purpose now is to erect this fine structure without calling upon C. C. B. S. for a dollar. Let us rejoice in this independent little flock, and also that with such self-reliance, the fellowship is hearty and broad, the apportionment being accepted and promptly met. H. H. W.

FIRST CHURCH, PASADENA.

During the two weeks preceding Palm Sunday the pastor held a class for children, closing with a delightful afternoon at the pastor's home for all the children in the church membership. Every child feels that Dr. Fox is his friend, and this fact accounts for the unusually happy relationship between the minister of First Church and his little people.

On Palm Sunday 31 members were received, ten of these on confession. The month of March recorded many interesting events. On March 11, after a twentieth-century sermon on "The other Seventy," 35 pairs of the brethren undertook to visit all the families of the church in the interests of fellowship only. The results of their experiences were brought out in a most interesting prayer meeting later, unique in the absence of female voices; and on the 30th the "Seventy" received the "return call" at the church in an old-fashioned social.

Rev. J. Kingsley Birge of the International College of Smyrna, spoke on the morning of Mar. 18, and in the evening Prof. John G. Hill of the University of Southern California fitted an address on Isaiah—"Israel's Great Orator and Statesman"—into the series on "How We Got our Bible." Most of the series have been talks by the pastor, illustrated with slides.

At a recent prayer meeting and in the Bible School, a dramatic plea for the Indian race was given by an educated Sioux woman, Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, granddaughter of Sitting Bull. Mrs. Bonnin is a picturesque figure in her beautifully beaded buckskin gown and moccasins, her strong face framed by heavy black hair falling in two long braids in front. Her address dealt principally with the evils of the peyote habit among the Indians, the drug being introduced by wily traders into the religious rites as a gift from God. It comes in the form of a dried cactus grown on the Mexican border and in its effect is similar to that produced by cocaine and opium. Colorado, Utah and South Dakota have already enacted laws and an effort is being made looking toward similar legislation in this State.

FROM PORTERVILLE TO CLOVERDALE.

Rev. Sidney W. Wilcox, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Porterville, has acepted a call eective April 1st, to the Congregational Church of Cloverdale, which has been without pastor since the lamented death of Rev. Henry Ainsworth. The church in Cloverdale is the key to the situation for many miles in its part of the Russian river valley. It has a beautiful building with pipe organ and an attractive parsonage. A legacy has come to the church this year, bringing an annual income of $500 to be applied to current expenses. In order that this bequest might be a stimulus and not a substitute for church activity an every member canvass has just been carried out with a marked increase in returns. The incoming pastor and people are hoping to carry on an enlarged work.

During Mr. Willcox's Porterville pastorate of two and a half years the indebtedness of the church has been reduced from $11,200 to $5,400, besides which $2,000 has been aplied to street and other improvements and to the renovating of the parsonage. Of the total of $7,800, thus applied on debts and improvements somewhat over half was secured by subscription and the remainder by the sale of property at the side of the church to the Santa Fe R. R., which has secured a right of way through that part of town. A lot at the rear of the church, 110 by 120, on which a cement tennis court is located has been paid for in full. Hearty thanks are due to the Home Missionary and Church Building Societies for their help during the trying years since the present debt was incurred. The recent decrease by over $300 in the amount required annually for interest makes the prospect much brighter.

BOULEVARD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Our pastor, Rev. J. B. Orr, and the music committee have planned some very interesting programs for the Eastertide. On the evening of Palm Sunday the children of the Sunday school will present a program of music—an

Easter cantata being the most important number. On Easter Sunday the vested choir of Mills College will furnish the music for the morning service and a decorating committee from the college will assist the committee of the church in decorating the auditorium appropriate to the occasion. A large crowd is expected from the college and the community. At the evening service on Easter the church choir will sing "The Story of Calvary" by Schnecker.

A PRAYER FOR THE NATION IN TIME OF CRISIS.

By Charles L. Atkins.

(Recently the Rev. Albert W. Palmer asked the members of his class in Pastoral and Social Problems at the Pacific School of Religion to write a prayer for our country in time of crisis. The one given herewith was deemed by him so well poised and helpful as to be worthy of publication in The Pacific.—Editor.)

Oh, God, our help in ages past, Thou Who hast been our dwelling-place in all generations, vouchsafe Thy heavenly blessing upon us now in this hour of our great need. Keep our hearts true to the great principles upon which this nation was founded, that we may ever be found on the side of truth and justice and love toward all mankind. Give us the strength to do the right as we see the right, and grant us such a vision that we may see true and steadily. Keep us in peace, oh God, if it be thy will; but if war must come, then grant that we may always be found on the side of the right, and still be there when the last bugle call has sounded and the last battle-flag is furled. Let Thine especial blessing rest, we pray thee, upon those whom we have chosen to guide the affairs of our nation, that when the journey is over and the Ship of State sails into the haven of peace, she may sail on upright keep, and with pennant flying unspotted in the eyes of all humanity and of Thee. This we ask in the name of Him who came to be the Prince of Peace yet fearlessly and unflinchingly gave battle to the forces of evil and unrighteousness, our Master and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

MARTINEZ.

The Martinez church has issued a letter calling a council to convene April 20 to recognize and install Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson as their pastor. Mr. Atkinson has been at work with this church a little over half a year now and the church being satisfied and pleased with the relationship are calling the council thus early, not waiting until the usual twelve months "probation period." The church work is progressing very nicely, the spirit of awakening earnestness and co-operation is fine, and we look forward to good results. Mr. Atkinson is in a measure fitting into the community life also. A Boy Scout troop is just now being raised and cared for under his direction. The editors of each of the two dailies in Martinez have asked him for a column of "Easter Meditations" this week, and he has complied with the request. The work here is not large, but it is important, and we feel encouraged.

FRUITVALE CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The Fruitvale Church, Oakland, Charles F. Clarke, pastor, received seven persons to membership on confession of faith and three by letter, and four infants were baptized on Palm Sunday. At the evening service Mrs. Ira N. Allen read the crucifixion and resurrection scenes from "Barabbas" with great effectiveness. The audience was held from start to finish and all must have been uplifted by the graphic presentation; and perhaps our faith was quickened as we saw Barabbas' soul struggling for faith in the Nazarene.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

(Congregational Church, San Jose, Cal.)

I believe in God the loving Father of the Race.

I believe in the Universal Brotherhood of Man as taught by Jesus Christ.

I believe in Jesus Christ as the Supreme Revealer of Divine Character, as the Moral and Religious Teacher, the Spiritual Guide and the Savior of Men.

I believe in the Christian Church and its work of proclaiming the Gospel to all mankind and I desire to share in its labors for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of peace, the reign of justice, and the realization of human brotherhood throughout the world.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Walter Frear and family returned this week from Honolulu.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the whole time will be given to reports from the churches.

Five students united with the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday—one as an associate member.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, leaves for Japan and North China on April 10. The Rev. Dr. Frank Dyer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma, will supply during his absence.

Secretary Edward Lincoln Smith of the American Board is expected to reach Seattle this week from the Orient and will speak next Sunday morning in Pilgrim Church in that city.

Professor Buckham finishes next Sunday his series of addresses before the People's Bible Class in First Church, Berkeley, on "Attempts to Understand God." Topic next Sunday: "So Many Gods" or "One God."

The pulpit of First Church, San Francisco, will be occupied next Sunday by Secretary Kelsey of the American Board. For the three succeeding Sundays it will be occupied by the Rev. Dr. Alfred J. Kummer, a retired Methodist minister of many years of able service on the Pacific Coast.

Plymouth Congregational Church of Scranton, Pennsylvania, of which the Rev. E. Belden Hart is pastor, celebrated its 35th anniversary on the 25th and 26th of March. The church has a membership of seven hundred and Mr. Hart evidently has a fine field for service in that flourishing city.

The Rev. Dr. Hugh Gilchrist will supply for Westminister Presbyterian Church, Seattle, for a few months. Dr. Gilchrist came from the pastorate of that church to a professorship in San Francisco Theological Seminary. For

several years he has been at the head of the Mt. Hermon Assembly and the San Francisco Bible Institute.

WASHINGTON PASTOR COMMENDS ORDINATION PAPER.

Sprague, Wash.,
March 26, 1917.

The Editor of The Pacific,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Editor:

I have read with sincere pleasure **An Ordination Paper** (issue of March 22nd) and wish to commend it to the attention of our pastors and preachers. It has the modern social spirit, the forward hopeful look, and confesses faith in the **findings** of the historical method in Biblical interpretation. I see nothing in it to deplore and much to praise. Since the impression of the personality of teachers is left upon their pupils, this ordination paper indirectly reflects no little credit upon the school which gave direction and color to the young man's thinking.

Very heartily,
W. W. COCHRANE.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Dr. L. O. Baird, conference superintendent, has been in Spokane this week. He had a conference with the ministers on Monday morning at the Y. M. C. A. In the after- the board of directors had a session. Dr. Baird spends the latter part of the week and over Sunday at Pullman, and will participate in the Raymond Robins meetings at the Washington State College. Great things are expected as the results of these meetings.

Dr. C. H. Burdick read a very able paper at the meeting of the Research Club Monday morning a week ago. Two of the editors of the Spokesman-Review were present to hear the paper, and as a result it was published in the Sunday edition. The subject was, "How the Bible Came to Us."

Evangelistic meetings are held this week at the Five Mile Prairie Church. Revs. Doyle, Burdick and Baldwin are the preachers. They will continue over next week.

President Stephen B. L. Penrose and Mrs. Penrose, of Whitman College, have returned home after a two months' visit in the East—New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

An unique work of grace has been reported from Deary, Idaho. The church has been without a pastor for some months, but 34 members have been received to the church recently without an evangelist or protracted meetings. It came about thus: A consecrated layman was moved to go to work among his neighbors and talk to them personally with the result as above stated, all adults and 15 of them men. Among them are the editor of the local paper, the physician, superintendent of schools, the barber and three farmers. It evidences the great posibility of lay personal evangelism.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash., March 30th, 1917.

THE ENDEAVOR SOCIETY MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Are the missionary meetings in your Endeavor Society interesting? Here's a plan which is drawing the young people with unusual enthusiasm once a month—a study of Latin America. Our society is divided into groups, each group to take charge of our meeting. The one who gives the best program will receive a prize of five dollars, to be spent in any way they see fit. One night we were taken on a trip to Brazil. We not only heard the marvels of that land, but saw them by means of a lithoscope. We went away with some idea of Brazilian animal and vegetable life, of its industries, cities, people, harbors and scenery, all gained in one short evening. The next month we were to study Bolivia and Peru. The leader invited us to jurney with her to that land and finally brought us to Lima and conducted us to Christian Endeavor headquarters building, where we were cordially welcomed by the young lady in charge of the office, who told us something of the land she lived in, of its people and customs and of the Christian Endeavor work there. During our visit a number of South Americans dropped in, among them the author of a book on Peru. Future committees will have to put on their thinking caps if we are to find "The Patriots," "The Catholics," "The Work of the Protestant Missionaries," "The Study of Mexico" aand "Porto Rico" as interesting as that.

Our members used to groan audibly when missionary night came round, now they are looking forward eagerly to the next meeting and wondering what it will bring. Better still everyone must necessarily do some reading on Latin America.

CARRIE REYNOLDS.
Walla Walla, Wash.

The Home

HOME, THE FAMILY CENTRE.

It is all very well to speak, as the preachers and some of the sociologists do, of "the family as the unit of society," of "the home as the social centre," and all that sort of thing. And yet, whenever I hear one of those fine old phrases, I can't help wondering just what family they mean as the "unit of society," just what home they are thinking of as the "social centre" of anything! For I know families that are just about as unified as a firecracker, homes to which the word "centre" cannot be applied in any truthful sense whatever. Look about with your mind's eye right now and consider the homes and families you know most about. Which of them strikes you as the center of anything? To how many of them do the members flock from all distances and under all conditions? And if they do, how do you account for it? There must be some reason.

I know families which, now that the merely physical nourishment and protection of childhood are no longer necessary, have no more sense of unity than a brood of chickens have with regard to the hen-coop or the hen. And I know families which, even now that the boys and girls are long since grown up and have coops and broods of their own, are still almost as closely knit as when the home was new and the sons and daughters were little. Again I ask, how do you account for it? There must be—there is—a reason; and in every single case that I know of, whichever condition prevails, the reason is a woman, a mother; a home-maker, or the absence of one.

* * *

Now, to the cold, fishy eye of the statistician and the census-taker, a family, in the average sense, consists of a father and mother and three children. Divide the population of any community by five, and it will give you approxi-

mately the number of families, the number of men of voting age, the number of children of school age, and so on. But it will not give you the number of homes, in the sense in which I would have you think of the word just now. Possibly the ratio of real home-makers to the total number of married women may be more or less a constant thing, but nobody that I know of ever has figured it out. It may not be a thing of genius, a gift of the gods; but it is a thing of spirit and intention; of conscience and devotion. A home will not make itself. Allowing a small margin for exceptional cases, every real home is made so by some woman, who knows what she is doing, means to do it and puts a lot of time and thought and devotion into the doing of it.

* * *

It takes a good deal more than a house and a father and mother and some children to make a home. Sometimes the father thinks he is the centre of the institution; very likely he may be—when it is an institution. He furnishes the money to keep it going, in the material sense. And in about one case out of a thousand or more the father is really the center, really the home-maker. In vastly more numerous cases he doles out dollars for the rent, the butcher and baker, and finds real home at the Club or some less innocent place. It is upon the mother, or whoever occupies the mother-place in the home, that the duty, the opportunity, the privilege, fall of creating and maintaining that subtle atmosphere that makes the difference between a "residence" and a home. If she understands this privilege, this duty, rightly in any measure at all, she will create this atmosphere and maintain it, and will draw about herself her little flock—and most likely hold the father, too! Blessed is that home, and that home-maker, whose man has the home-making spirit!

The thing has to be done by intention, and it calls for planning and definite activity. Begin when the children are very little. Never miss a chance to draw them about you. Keep them together, not by force, but by that invisible cord that the real mother knows how to spin and to wind about the hearts of her flock. Invisible—I mean just that; the spirit must be there and felt by all, but the method must not be obtrusive.

* * *

Remember every birthday with some special recognition in and by the family, no matter how simple or inexpensive. Let each of the family participate in some way. Father's bitrhday should be a very special occasion, and mother's .....yes, I know that is a bit difficult, and calls for tactful conspiracy, but it must be done, not for mother's sake, but for the home's sake. Happiness is contagious and health-giving, and with all of the family working for and thinking about each there will be no place for that divisive, centrifugal tendency that we find at work in so many families.

Christmas and New Year's I need not dwell upon, though their recognition nowadays leaves much to be desired. But there are many other special days throughout the year, such as St. Valentine's Day, Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays, Decoration Day, Hallowe'en, and other festivals, in endless variety, and each of them offers its own kind of opportunity for family observance. If the family be of any size, it would be possible to organize the plan a bit, and perhaps assign to each member, with the asisstance of the rest, the special charge of some festal day.

Don't overdo it; for most of these days it will be quite enough to have a specially decorated dinner-table, a jolly time about the fire in the evening, a simple programme of reading, or a few friends, or other children, in for the occasion.

When any of the family is away from home, at school or on a journey, see to it that the line of communication is never broken; that letters flow back and forth with reasonable frequency. Keep in touch, keep in touch, never let them get away. If they do, it is almost impossible to get them back again.

Did you ever cultivate the habit of treating your child, every time he comes near, as a long-lost friend, whose presence is necessary for your happiness? Have you insisted and insisted that each member of the family shall be actively interested in the welfare and doings of each and all of the rest? Have you tried to invent things for them all to do together? There is no end to this subject, and no end to the labor and the joy of it; but let me tell you that, even if you make now a belated beginning the effort will pay you now abundantly, and in the years to come a thousand-fold.—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

ROSE AND BIRD.

Live all thy sweet life thro',
Sweet Rose, dew-sprent,
Drop down thine evening dew
To gather it anew
When day is bright:
I fancy thou wast meant
Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
Glad soaring bird;
Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
Heedless if thou art heard
Sing thy full song aloud.

—Christina G. Rosetti.

IT'S THE ROOM THAT MAKES THE CHILD.

The first seven years of every child's existence are the years that count for most in the making or marring of his character and his mentality. In these years he is more impressionable than at any other time of his life. The impressions he receives go to form lifelong interests and desires, lifelong habits of thinking and behaving.

And these decisive, all-important impressions come to him not only fro mhis parents, his teachers, his playmates, but also from the inanimate environment by which he is surrounded.

Every detail in that environment leaves some kind of mark on the plastic mind of the child. The oftener the detail is repeated to him, the more formative—or deformative—it will be. This is why it is indispensable that the child's room, the most constant element in his inanimate surroundings, should be carefully adjusted with an eye to mind-building as well as body-building.

Everything in that room, its furnishings, its floor-covering, its wall-paper, the tiniest picture or ornament it holds, is of psychic significance to the child. The details of his room, it may be said without exaggeration, provide the beginnings of his education. By them is determined to a large extent the manner of man he will become.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that any room will do for your little one. Don't underestimate the developmental influence of furnishings and decorations. Don't forget that your child needs, even more than you yourself do, a well-ventilated, well-lighted, thoroughly clean room.

—H. A. Bruce in Mother's Magazine.

For The Children.

WHAT THE COTTON BOLLS HEARD.

The sun shone with great heat upon a certain cotton field one bright noontide. The people who had been working there all the morning had gone to get their dinners, and the Cotton Plants had the field entirely to themselves. Now, if ever plants talk together, I should think it would be at just such times, shouldn't you? Times when no people are near them?

"As I was saying yesterday," began one Cotton Plant, "it would be a satisfaction to know where the cotton goes after it is picked from our bolls."

"Why, it goes to the cotton-gin," said a Plant near the edge of the field.

"Oh, yes, I know; but I mean after that, when it really gets out into the world. I have heard something about the cleaning and the spinning and the weaving, and the strange changes that are made in the cotton; but I should like to know more."

"Tweet, tweet," said a sweet voice near. "I can tell you something."

"Who is that?" whispered the Cotton Plants.

"Tweet, tweet," said the same voice. "I am only a little Bird." (And then he told them how, last year, he had been far away in the pleasant northern land.)

"Indeed!" said the Cotton Plants. They themselves always stayed in one place and preferred it, but they thought that the creatures who could move about were very wonderful.

"Yes," continued the little Bird, glad to have found listeners. (And he sang the ma pretty little song about his life in the pleasant northern land.)

"That's a very pretty song," said the Cotton Plants. "But did you say you could tell us something about what becomes of our cotton?"

"Tweet, tweet; that I can," said the Bird. "When my mate and I were ready to build our nest, we had to search well for the materials. One day we were flying near the window of the house in which lives the family for whom we often sing, and there we saw the mother and little Nellie sewing. Pretty soon we heard little Nellie's mother say that the birds would like some threads to weave into their nest, and Nellie threw a bunch of long strings out of the window, Oh, they were so fine and strong! And —now I suppose you will think this the best part of my story—those fine strong threads were made of cotton from cotton plants. I am sure of it, for I heard Nellie's mother telling her the whole story. So that is what becomes of part of your cotton; Nellie and her mother sew with it and give some to the birds for nest building."

The Cotton Plants had listened eagerly and now thanked the little Bird for his pretty story,—"As pretty as your songs," said they, and that is high praise. Come and tell it to us again sometime."

"Gladly," answered the little Gird. "Truth to tell, I am somewhat lonely at times, far away from my friends in the North, and I shall be happy to visit you."

While the Bird was telling his story, some of the Sunbeams which were playing about the field had drawn near to listen, and now they began to speak.

"We know something about cotton," said they. "Often and often have we heard the women say that there was nothing like the sunshine for bleaching cotton cloth, and often have we bleached it. But that is not all, for we not only bleach the cotton cloth—yards upon yards of it—but there is sacrecly a day that we do not with the wind's help, dry many things that are made of it, when they have been washed and hang clean and wet upon the line."

"Yes, indeed," said a little Breeze, rustling among the Cotton Plants. "The Sunbeams and I often work together at drying clothes, and most of them are made of cotton cloth—dresses, aprons, underclothes, stockings, sheets and pillowcases. Surely, Cotton Plants, you may feel that you are very useful, for people would scarcely know how to get along without the cloth which is made from your cotton."

"These are delightful stories," said the Cotton Plants, nodding to one another, smiling as the Sunbeams danced among them, and spreading out their leaves for the breeze to play with. "Now we can grow with more pleasure than ever before. Thank you, good friends; come again and tell us these stories often."

Soon after this the workmen came back into the field. With them came a gentleman and his two children. The Cotton Plants, of course, did not talk any more then, but oh, how they listened, for they soon found that what they heard was of special interest. It was more of the same story which the little Bird had begun and the Sunbeams and the Breeze had continued. The gentleman was talking with his children about what becomes of the cotton after it is taken from the field; and he not only spoke of cotton thread and cotton cloth, but of cotton batting for comforters and quilts, of cotton cord and cotton lamp wicks and of still other things made of cotton; more than you or I could remember. He told, too, of old, worn-out cotton rags being changed into beautiful paper—paper out of which books are made, paper for letters to be written upon, and paper of beautiful colors—"the very paper, Teddy, out of which are made the squares of folding paper and weaving mats and strips which you used to have in kindergarten," he added, smiling down at the little boy.

Teddy and his sister were looking with much wonder at the cotton plants, half expecting to see some of the things which their father mentioned sprouting out somewhere upon them; and they treasured long afterward the cotton boll and spray of leaves which were given to each of them as they went away from the field.

You may believe that the Cotton Plants were full of wonder and joy. They had even ventured to say to the gentleman, as they had said to the Bird and the Sunbeams and the Breeze, "Thank you, good friend. Come again and tell us these delightful stories often. But the gentleman, far from understanding a word, had not even seemed to know that they were speaking. So the Cotton Plants contented themselves with telling the story to one another whenever they talked together.

The little Bird kept his word and came again and again, as did also the Sunbeams and the Breeze; they were always ready to tell the same stories they had told before, of what becomes of the cotton, and the Cotton Plants were as happy as the day was long. And surely it is no wonder that the Cotton Plants were pleased to know that they were of so much use in the world, is it? For what is better worth being glad about than that?—Emilie Poulson.

It is when we have borne submissively some dreadful sorrow that we see the golden ladder reaching upward, as did Perpetua from the darkness of the dungeon; when we have given ourselves to some great work and wrought it, by God's help and the inspiration of his Spirit, triumphantly to the end, that the vision is granted us.—R. S. Storrs.

A CHINESE BOY'S IDEALS.

Never fear your work arduous, show yourself true,
Nor look lightly on what you're expected to do.

A public disturbance 'tis manly to fear,
And excepting on duty, to never draw near;
A knowledge of vice you should never desire,
And of matter corrupt you should never inquire.

If another man's things you by chance wish to use,
You should ask for them, giving a chance to refuse;
If you use without asking, that manner of dealing
By men is considered no better than stealing.
Whenever you borrow be sure that you learn,
The things, after using, to promptly return;
If others to borrow of you be inclined,
If you have, you should lend, with a generous mind.

—From the Chinese Boys' Book of Behavior.

THE SQUIRRILL FAMILY MOVES.

"I certainly must find a new home," Mother Squirrel said to herself, "and there is no use in waiting for Mr. Squirrel to return from that business trip, when we might be all settled and surprise him."

She gave a hasty glance at the sleeping children and ran nimbly down the tree to begin her house-hunting. After a long search, a beautiful cubby-hole was found in a large elm overlooking the lake. She examined the place thoroughly, sat on the leafy porch in a big limb's crook, looked over the smiling lake and grew more and more delighted with the place.

"It is a fine location. The neighbors, too, are those Red-Breasts who lived near us last year. I must hasten to take possession."

She carefully placed some acorns and small sticks in the front room, to show that the place had been rented; then she returned to the sleeping children, Caper and Frisker.

In the morning, she told them her plans. They chattered excitedly and did not wish to leave their old home. Why, they knew the way along every limb, even to the top stories, where they could sit with the leafy umbrella over their heads and look far down to the green grass carpet below. Caper had chased Frisker, Frisker had chased Caper through and through this great tree; and now to think that they must leave it! How could they go?

In answer, Mother Squirrel curled her plumy tail over her back and scurried down the big trunk. They had never been allowed to go down there. In wild delight, the children scampered after her, but, when they reached the ground, the world seemed amazingly all flat. And the grass felt so soft that they hardly dared step on it. Panic seized them and they ran up the nearest tree, after their mother.

The new home was in the next tree, and Mrs. Squirrel decided that the best plan would be to jump across. Looking down, she chose a good place; then, calling Caper and Frisker to follow her, she quickly leaped to the other tree. But the children were much too excited even to hear her and they sat closely hugging the safe tree trunk.

"Naughty boys," scolded Mother Squirrel. "Come quickly, and you'll see what a fine thing it is to leap through the air." But they dared not stir. Mother scolded, coaxed, threatened all sorts of punishment, but it only made them tremble more and consider themselves the most unhappy of all little squirrels.

Much discouraged, Mother Squirrel at last pleaded, "Now Caper, you are the bigger, show your brother how brave you are. You are no tree toad, but can leap like any squirrel." Of course, then poor Caper had to go.

He crept slowly out to the end of the limb. What an awful distance! He never could do it! But there was Frisker watching and his mother praising his bravery. He could not go back.

For one dreadful moment he looked; then he held his breath and jumped. There! He was safe beside his mother, and oh! he was so thankful! How he did race about and chatter happily.

"Ho! Ho! Frisker, you're 'fraidy. This is the finest tree you ever saw. I wouldn't be such a baby," and, with a proud flirt of his bushy tail, Caper ran up, up through the leafy branches out of sight.

Poor Frisker. He coud not stay there alone, and he rel had gone around to look once more at the cozy home. Now was his chance. He crept timidly out and, before his courage could fail, he jumped into the air. Down, down he went, miserable little squirrel indeed, and struck the soft grass with a gentle thud. No one had seen him, and he was up the trunk of the tree in a flash.

Mother Squirrel came out of the house and Caper ran down from the top of the tree. "Good by," said Mother, "I thought you would come." Caper frisked his tail gleefully and said, "Wasn't that leap great fun?"

But Frisker did not notice his question, and challenged him to a race through the branches. Off they went and Mother Squirrel sat down contentedly to talk with her neighbors in the pleasant twilight.

LORD, RULE IN ME!

One Lord there is, all lords above,
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.
But ah! to Wrong, what is his name?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in otherwise,
My lot is cast with all that dies;
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the gate—
The happy gate which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And love and law are both the same,
Named with an everlasting name.

—W. B. Rands.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musing and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.—Farrar.

Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance, it is laying hold of His highest willingness.—Archbishop Trench.

There is no such life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.—Carlyle.

FORGET THYSELF.

Well and good is this doctrine of "Know thyself,"
And let him obey it, that can, to the letter;
Self-ignorance being the veriest fetter
That ever kept fools in the stocks, no doubt.
But, while the Greek sages lie there on my shelf,
Why should I scruple to speak my mind out,
And assert that "Forget thyself" is a better?
Self-unconsciousness being, perchance,
The one thing free from self-ignorance.
Not by looking within, but by living without,
This center of self, shall a man grow wise.
Let us, leaving ourselves, then, go boldly about,
And take part in the busines of earth and skies;
For only by knowledge of that which is not
Thyself, shall thyself be learn'd, I wot,
Woe to the nation, and woe to the age, and woe, woe to the man
That live not outside of themselves;
That live not outside of themselves! To them dissolution is near.
Healthul and happy are they that, promoting the infinite plan,
Are moved with the movement of things, and have joy in the general cheer. —Owen Meredith.

Christ fed no idle curiosity about unseen states and places. He has done no more than others to tell your fortune. He has simply given you a life to live whose fiber is permanent, immortal, eternal, a life in which you can rejoice always, whatever the world you live in.—John Franklin Genung.

New York by Rail and Ocean

Fare Same as All Rail, but Includes Meals and Berth on Ship.

Take

"SUNSET LIMITED," 5:00 P| M.

(No Etxra Fare)

From San Francisco (3rd St. Station)

via

SUNSET ROUTE to NEW ORLEANS,

and there connect with

SOUTHERN PACIFIC'S SPLENDID OCEAN LINERS

Sailing Wednesdays and Saturdays to

New York

For Fares and Berth Reservation, Ask Agent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

AVAILABLE FOR PULPIT SUPPLY.

Rev. G. A. Charnock of 2630 Grant Street, Berkeley, is available for pulpit supply within one hundred miles of San Francisco. Telephone, Berkeley 8202.

How many lives we live in one,
And how much less than one in all!
—Alice Cary.

To Reduce the High Cost of Living

Send for our Wholesale to Consumer's Price List of General family supplies.—SMITHS' CASH STORE, 108 Clay St., San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

MILLS COLLEGE

The Woman's College of the Pacific Coast.

Liberal Arts and Sciences.
Domestic Arts and Science.
Campus of 139 acres.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Ph. D.

President

MILLS COLLEGE, Oakland, California.

Kindergarten Normal School

State Accredited List.

Miss Barnard's Kindergarten Normal School is now in its permanent home at

2748 ASHBY AVE., BERKELEY.

Address:

Miss Grace Everett Barnard,
Berkeley, Cal.

Pomona College

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, In an Ideal Location.

Attention is called to the importance of early correspondence on the part of students purposing to enter Pomona College next fall. The number of candidates received to the Freshman class is limited to two hundred.

ADDRESS THE PRESIDENT, OR PROFESSOR, H. E. ROBBINS, CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

BERKELEY

Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.

Address **PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.**